

## Chapter 13

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# The Spawning Ground

*Ottis Toole: I've been meaning to ask you...that time when I cooked some of these people? Why'd I do that?*

*Henry Lee Lucas: I think it was just the hands doing it. I know a lot of things we done, in human sight, are impossible to believe.*

*Toole: When we took 'em out and cut 'em up...remember one time I said I wanted me some ribs? Did that make me a cannibal?*

*Lucas: You wasn't a cannibal. It's the force of the devil, something forced on us that we can't change. There's no reason denying what we become. We know what we are.*

On March 21, 1967 (the spring equinox), Charles Milles Manson was released from prison and given transport to San Francisco, where—despite having served virtually his entire adult life in prison—he immediately started gathering devoted followers, many recruited from the various satanic groups blossoming in the area. In the spring of the following year, 1968, Manson loaded his new followers into a bus and took them on the road, ultimately settling into the Los Angeles area where Charlie quickly and improbably established numerous prominent contacts in the entertainment industry. As Neil Young, who knew Charlie and his girls well and once tried to get the head of Warner Brothers to sign the aspiring singer/songwriter, once told an interviewer: “A lot of pretty well known musicians around L.A. knew him, though they'd probably deny it now.”

On December 20, 1968, just shy of the winter solstice, what was thought to be the first of the Zodiac murders rocked the San Francisco area when a man was shot once in the head at point blank range with a .22 and his female companion was shot multiple times with the same weapon. A detective working the case

noted that the male victim had recently learned of a major drug deal that was about to go down, and he had been talking openly about who was involved in the transaction.

It would later be speculated that the Zodiac killings actually began in the Los Angeles area on the eve of Halloween, 1966—just a few months after the rampages of Richard Speck and Charles Whitman. The victim, Cheri Jo Bates, had been stabbed in the chest and her throat had been slit so deeply that she was nearly decapitated. A wristwatch of military origin had been found at the crime scene, along with a military-style heel print. The circumstances of the murder suggested that the female victim knew her killer and had spent a portion of the evening with him before the attack. What was said to be a confession was received in the mail and, on *Walpurgisnacht* of 1967, taunting letters were sent to area newspapers and to the victim's father. The FBI would later inadvertently reveal that it had an alternate version of the 'confession,' featuring the exact same wording but set in a different typescript and with a different number of words per line.

On Independence Day, 1969, another couple was gunned down in their car, this time with a 9mm semi-automatic. The woman, Darlene Ferrin, who appeared to be the primary target of the attack (the man survived his wounds), may have known the previous Zodiac victims. She had reportedly told her friends that she had witnessed a murder by a man who had subsequently been following her. In the weeks before her death, she had been receiving mysterious packages from a man living in Mexico who Darlene had, for unexplained reasons, married in 1966 using an assumed name and then later divorced. Her companion on the night of the murder, Michael Mageau, left his home in such a hurry that the lights and TV were left on and the front door was left open. He later told investigators that he and Darlene were followed immediately upon leaving Ferrin's house. After changing his story several times, Mageau went into hiding. Shortly after the shootings, police received a call from a man claiming credit for Ferrin's murder. The call was placed from a payphone just outside the Sheriff's station.

At the end of July, the first of what proved to be a long series of letters arrived at area newspaper offices, with a request that the letter be published on August 1, the occult holiday known as *Lammas*. The series of letters were laced with codes that suggested that the writer had a background in naval intelligence, bringing the ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) onto the case. Others agencies that investigated the Zodiac killings included the FBI, the U.S. Postal Service, the California Department of Justice, and four local police agencies. On August 4, 1969, the killer supplied his moniker in a letter that began: "This is the Zodiac speaking." Just days later, on the nights of August 8 and 9, the Manson Family committed two of the most notorious multiple murders in the nation's history: the Tate-LaBianca slayings. The Manson killings were part of a weekend orgy of

violence in Los Angeles that saw the city record twenty-nine known homicides in just four days. Before the search for the perpetrators of the high-profile murders was over, it would involve the FBI, the Mossad, the California Beverage Control Board, the U.S. Treasury Department, the L.A. County District Attorney's Office, the LAPD, the L.A. Sheriff's Office, and Colonel Paul Tate—a U.S. Army Intelligence asset, Vietnam veteran, and the father of victim Sharon Tate.

Also brought in by Roman Polanski to assist in his own investigation of the killings was famed 'psychic' Peter Hurkos. Hurkos had earlier made a high profile appearance alongside of F. Lee Bailey in the Boston Strangler case, which will be covered in a later chapter. At the time of the Manson murders, Hurkos was involved in organizing a Black Arts Festival scheduled for Halloween day, 1969. The events other organizers were Timothy Leary and Anton LaVey, who were scheduled to host the festival before it was cancelled.

The month after the Tate-LaBianca killings, and just after the autumnal equinox, a man and woman were stabbed multiple times in a San Francisco-area park. Despite the fact that it took nearly an hour for an ambulance to respond to a call as the pair lay bleeding, the man survived the attack. In what has to be the only known case of a serial killer showing up for work dressed in a logo-bearing costume, the assailant was described as wearing a strange hood with an attached apron that prominently displayed the trademark symbol of the Zodiac. The attacker reportedly had a gun, but chose instead to use a knife, breaking from the previous pattern and likely contributing to the survival of the male victim. Prints from a military-issue boot distributed primarily to U.S. naval bases on the west coast were found at the scene. The professed killer again called police, again from a payphone near the local police station. He reportedly left a clear palm print on the phone, but a "nervous" technician reportedly destroyed it.

On October 11, 1969, one day shy of the birthday of Aleister Crowley, a taxi driver was shot once in the head with a 9mm handgun, although it was a different 9mm than had been used previously by the Zodiac. At four San Francisco-area crime scenes, the 'Zodiac' had now used a different weapon at each. The latest victim had picked up his fare on Mason Street and had then driven him to an address in the Presidio Heights area of the city, where he was promptly shot. Some local kids witnessed the murder and immediately called the police with a description of the assailant. For unexplained reasons, however, the police dispatcher broadcast a description of a black perpetrator, allowing the real shooter to evade a massive police response. Two days later, a new letter from the Zodiac claimed credit for the killing and threatened a future attack on a school bus.

On October 22, a man identifying himself as the Zodiac called authorities and requested to speak, strangely enough, to either F. Lee Bailey or San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli. A spectacle then played out in which the man, calling himself

‘Sam,’ called and had a live chat on the air with the CIA-linked Belli. In November, another letter arrived from the elusive Zodiac, this one containing a bomb threat. Also in November 1969, two Scientologists were found savagely murdered on the streets of Los Angeles. Each had been stabbed more than fifty times. One of the victims had dated Manson disciple Bruce Davis in 1968, just before Charlie had sent Davis to London to visit both the headquarters of the Process Church and the local Scientology school. Davis was later convicted of other, unrelated murder charges, and he has been identified by some researchers as a possible suspect in the Zodiac killings.

Another Zodiac letter, addressed to Belli, was sent on December 20, just shy of the winter solstice. On April 20, 1970, yet another letter was sent; it was followed by a ‘dragon card’ on April 28. The next day, on the eve of *Walpurgisnacht*, the Zodiac’s bomb threat was revealed to the public, ratcheting up the already high level of fear in the Bay area. Interestingly, one of the Zodiac’s numerous letters contained a coded reference to the locations of the killings. A decoding suggested that the crime scenes formed a pattern that centered on Mt. Diablo (the Devil’s Mountain) and that utilized an obscure unit of measurement known as a radian, which is a mathematical unit based on the number Pi.

Elsewhere in the country, a man named Stanley Baker was convicted in July 1970 for the murder of a Montana resident. Baker made a candid admission to his arresting officers: “I have a problem. I am a cannibal.” As proof, he produced from his pocket a well-gnawed human finger. Baker was the talkative sort and he readily confessed his involvement in a number of other murders that he claimed he had committed as a member of the Process-spawned Four Pi cult. Police were able to confirm his complicity in a particularly brutal mutilation murder in San Francisco, thanks to his having left behind a bloody fingerprint. California courts nevertheless declined to prosecute Baker for the homicide with the remarkable claim that he had been denied a speedy trial. Despite his confessed involvement in a number of murders, and despite the fact that the murder for which he was convicted involved him ripping out the man’s heart and eating it, Baker was released from prison after just fourteen years, and according to recent reports, he remains at large today. This in spite of the fact that he distinguished himself as something less than a model prisoner during his incarceration by starting his own satanic cult and having no fewer than eleven weapons confiscated by guards.

Just as Stanley Baker and Charlie Manson had migrated away from San Francisco, so too did many other disenchanted hippies and flower children move on in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Many of them found refuge in the hundreds of square miles of sparsely settled wilderness offered by the Santa Cruz Mountains, where the abundance of rich soil and clear, running water provided ideal conditions for communal living and marijuana cultivation. By 1972, some

seventeen thousand men, women and children had taken up residence in the fertile glens and along the rich creek beds of Santa Cruz. As Margaret Cheney described the scene:

Every enterprising commune or solo Druid grew a patch of *cannabis*; but it did not end there. More enterprising men began to operate small, portable pill factories in the remoter parts of the forest, turning out LSD and amphetamines for the city market, free of police harassment. A small cult of Satanists from San Francisco liked the landscape and opened a local parish. After them came pretenders, exploiters and hangers-on. The more sensational news media promoted the black-mass aura. Small sacrificial animals were occasionally found beheaded.

Seemingly random, motiveless killings quickly began to plague Santa Cruz. On October 19, 1970, in a case closely mirroring the slaughter of the residents of the Tate house the year before, John Lindley Frazier, allegedly acting alone, killed all the occupants of a home in Santa Cruz, including a prominent doctor, his wife, secretary, and two children. Frazier, who was known to have a strong interest in the occult, was said to have started his own lifestyle as an ‘Aquarian Age’<sup>21</sup> hermit living in a six-foot-square shack in the woods (a lifestyle later adopted by Ted Kaczynski, who was a subject of MK-ULTRA experiments while he was a young student at Harvard, and who has been named by some researchers as a possible suspect in the Zodiac killings). Just over a week after the Frazier killings, a Halloween card was received from the Zodiac. More cards and letters followed, the last of which arrived in 1974. The murders were never solved, though many believe that—as Inyo County District Attorney Frank Fowles has stated—“Manson and the Zodiac Killer were connected.”

Soon after Frazier’s rampage, women began going missing from around the Santa Cruz area. As early as autumn of 1968, reports began surfacing of grisly

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21 The notion of an ‘Age of Aquarius’ was popularized by groups like San Francisco’s ‘Diggers,’ who occupied the aforementioned ‘Devil House,’ and by publications such as San Francisco’s *Oracle*. Perhaps no one played a greater role in popularizing the idea of the ‘Age of Aquarius’ than the *Oracle*’s Gavin Arthur. Interestingly, Arthur’s full legal name was Chester Alan Arthur III. He was the great-grandson of President Chester Arthur. He reportedly predicted JFK’s assassination before Kennedy was even elected. Some attribute that feat to clairvoyance, but it was more likely due to foreknowledge.

occult sacrifices being performed in the surrounding mountains. By the summer of 1972, it was clear that Santa Cruz had a problem. Mutilated bodies began showing up in the hills. By the time 1973 rolled around, the bodies were piling up at an alarming rate. In just the first six weeks of the year, eight bodies were found, and women were continuing to disappear. What had once been an idyllic community had been radically transformed; the murder rate had quintupled and Santa Cruz had achieved the rather dubious distinction of having the highest homicide rate in the country. Many of the area's killings were credited to two alleged serial killers, Edmund Kemper and Herb Mullin, who were said to be operating at the same time in the same city, though acting independently of each other. Kemper's bloody odyssey reportedly included eight victims brutally butchered between May 1972 and April 1973, most of them coeds whose corpses were cannibalized and sexually violated. Mullin was credited with dispatching thirteen victims in just four months, from October 13, 1972 through February 13, 1973. Mullin admitted to having a strong interest in the occult, a fact made evident by the nature of the killings attributed to him: the first victim was killed on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, the second on or about Halloween, and the third murder was the stabbing of a Catholic priest in his confessional on November 2, celebrated as All Souls Day.

To briefly recap, no fewer than six serial killers/mass murderers—Charles Manson, Stanley Baker, Edmund Kemper, Herbert Mullin, John Lindley Frazier, and the Zodiac—were all spawned from the Santa Cruz/San Francisco metropolitan area in a span of just over four years, at a time when 'serial killers' were a rare enough phenomenon that they hadn't yet acquired a name. And another serial killer was said to be at work not far away during the same timeframe. As Bundy chronicler Richard Larsen recounts, the bodies of at least fourteen young women and girls were found, nude and with their belongings missing, in Northern California between December 1969 and December 1973. In the immediate vicinity of each of the bodies "was found an elaborate witchcraft symbol of twigs and rocks." Remarkably enough, the crimes collectively attributed to these men did not even account for *all* the ritualized homicides that occurred in the Bay area during that time. For example, the murder of Fred Bennett, the captain of the Oakland chapter of the Black Panthers whose mutilated remains were found scattered in the Santa Cruz hills, was never solved. And many of the young students who were reported missing from local campuses were never found, either dead or alive, and were therefore never listed as homicide victims.

On October 12, 1974, the birthday of Aleister Crowley, student Arliss Perry was brutally murdered and left on display in the Stanford Memorial Church on the campus of Stanford University, nestled in the shadows of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Perry was left lying on her back, with her head toward the altar and

her legs spread wide. She was nude from the waist down and an altar candle protruded from her vagina; another altar candle was wedged between her exposed breasts. Her jeans had been neatly arranged in an inverted V-shape and placed across her splayed legs, forming the Masonic symbol of the compass and the square. Five years earlier, the very same symbol had been left carved into the stomach of Manson victim Leno LaBianca, as the “W” in the word “War.” The prime suspect in the still-unsolved murder of Perry is a man named Bill Mentzer, who knew Charles Manson and at least one of his victims: Abigail Folger. In fact, Mentzer reportedly had lunch with Folger just a few days before her death. He later was connected to David “Son of Sam” Berkowitz as well, and still later was convicted of the *Cotton Club* murder of aspiring film producer Roy Radin.

A few years after Perry’s murder, a new rash of ‘serial killings’ began in nearby Sacramento, California. These were ultimately attributed to a man named Richard Chase, also known as the “Vampire of Sacramento” and “The Dracula Killer.” These killers—Chase, Manson, Kemper, Mullin, the Zodiac, Frazier and Baker—heralded the dawn of a new era that soon had established ‘serial killers’ as an ever-present part of the American landscape. Before 1960, fewer than two serial killers a year were reported nationwide. By 1970, the number had climbed to six per year; by 1980, to nearly twenty per year. By 1990, nearly three-dozen serial killers a year were being reported across the country.

The years covered by the occult bloodbath in Northern California, 1967 through 1973, correspond precisely to the years that the Phoenix Program in Vietnam was in full operation (although similar programs, under different names, existed prior to 1967). In September 1973, the head of the Phoenix operation, William Colby, was appointed as the new Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Phoenix had officially come home.

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Charles Milles Manson was born “No Name” Maddox, the son of an alcoholic teenage prostitute. His mother was imprisoned for armed robbery when Charles was just a toddler, so the boy was sent to live with his grandparents. Following that, he lived for a time with an aunt and uncle in Virginia, who sent him off to his first day of school dressed as a girl, just as Henry Lee’s mother had done. By age eight, Charles was back with his mother, who occasionally sent him off to stay with a moonshiner uncle. At age nine, he was sent to stay at the Gibault Home for Boys—a ‘reform’ school in Terre Haute, Indiana. Three years later, the pre-teen boy was living alone in a single room at a boarding house, until he was discovered by authorities. How he came to be living alone remains something of a

mystery. From that point on, Manson spent the vast majority of his life institutionalized.

Charles next found himself housed at Boy's Town, identified in *The Franklin Cover-Up* as a cesspool of pedophilic operations. By the age of fifteen, Charles was no longer a ward of the state; he had graduated to being a full-fledged convict. In prison, the diminutive Manson was repeatedly raped and beaten by guards and fellow inmates, until he managed to escape at the age of sixteen and find his way to California. He was soon arrested again and sent to the rather ominously named National Training School for Boys in Washington, D.C. A few years later, he was set free and married briefly and fathered a child, while also working as a pimp. That occupation earned him a lengthy prison stay following a conviction for running an interstate vice ring. Seven years later, he was again set free, after reportedly following Henry Lee Lucas' lead by begging authorities at Terminal Island Prison not to release him.

Within months, Charlie was playing his music in bars in San Francisco's Tenderloin District and gathering a large and devoted group of followers. In his brief period of freedom, he lived with and associated with hundreds of different people, many of them prominent in the entertainment industry. He made numerous contacts in the music business, including Dennis Wilson,<sup>22</sup> Neil Young and Terry Melcher—the son of Doris Day and the former occupant, along with Candace Bergen, of the Cielo Drive home where the Tate murders occurred. Charlie even reportedly served as a 'religious consultant' for Universal Studios on a movie about Christ, and also auditioned to be one of "The Monkeys." He was also deeply involved in a number of criminal enterprises, well before the consecutive bloodbaths that thrust him into the national limelight. As author Joel Norris has noted, Charlie was "a drug dealer and contract killer," and "had become involved in underworld crime, murder-for-hire rings, and child pornography." Interestingly enough, Manson has said that the Family's most well known victims were involved in some of the same enterprises: "Don't you think those people deserved to die? They were involved in kiddie porn." Charlie had also, as previously noted, allied himself with various satanic cult groups that, as Norris notes, were "heavily based on ritual bondage, sacrifice, and also murder." According to Ed Sanders, who interviewed numerous members and associates of the Family, Manson was also involved in the production and distribution of snuff films.

In the aftermath of the Tate and LaBianca killings, the LAPD, one of whose officers co-owned the auto shop that Charlie lived in just a few months before the murders, couldn't really be bothered with the wealth of evidence that implicated

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22 Wilson and Melcher reportedly created an L.A.-area 'Hell Fire Club' known as the Golden Penetrators. Manson was likely a member.



Family members in the murders. The department also refused to acknowledge and examine the obvious connections between the two murder scenes, severely hampering the investigation. They likewise refused to explore the connections between the murder of musician Gary Hinman and the other two more high-profile crimes. The L.A. Sheriff's Department had already solved the Hinman case, no thanks to the LAPD, and had taken Bobby Beausoleil into custody just a few days before the Tate murders. The Sheriffs knew of his connections to the Family, and of the connections between the three crime scenes; two motorcycle gang members with close ties to the Family—Al Springer and Danny DeCarlo of the Straight Satans—had given the Sheriff's damning testimony concerning the Family's involvement in all three murders.

DeCarlo, who was reportedly a member of the Process Church, appears to have provided security for Charlie and the Family. He kept a large arsenal of weapons at the Family compound, including a .303 British Enfield rifle, a .22 rifle, a 20-gauge shotgun, a .30 caliber carbine, a 12-gauge riot gun, an M-1 carbine, and a sub-machinegun. The Family, it should be noted, did not operate as the hippie cult that they have been portrayed as being. Their base of operations was more of a paramilitary compound than it was a commune, complete with guard shacks at lookout points, telescopes, walkie-talkies, military field telephones, and converted dune buggies equipped with machinegun mounts.

When the Sheriffs passed along to the LAPD the information they had obtained from their informants, L.A.'s finest proceeded to do absolutely nothing. Meanwhile, on September 1, 1969—just a few weeks after the Tate murders—a .22 caliber revolver was found in Sherman Oaks and turned in to the LAPD. The gun was a rather rare and unique firearm, and just happened to match the description of the weapon suspected of being used in the killings—right down to the broken handle that provided a perfect fit for the handle pieces that were recovered at the murder scene. Nevertheless, the department tagged and filed the weapon and it was promptly forgotten. For months. The department later sent out a flyer with a photo of the weapon, failing to realize that they already had the gun in their custody. It took a phone call from the father of the boy who had found the gun to get the department to acknowledge its existence, and even then, the caller was initially told that the gun had probably been destroyed.

Elsewhere, Family member Susan Atkins had been arrested on unrelated charges and was spending time in the Sybil Brand Institute for Women. While there, she gave detailed confessions of the murders to at least two fellow inmates. She claimed that the Family had already committed eleven murders, and "many more were going to die." Both of these women tried to pass this information along to the LAPD, but both were repeatedly denied permission to do so. This was in spite of the fact that one of the female jailers to whom these requests were

made was at the time dating one of the Tate case homicide detectives. One of the inmates later said: "It was the hardest thing I've ever tried to do in my life, to get anyone to listen to me."

It would appear then that the LAPD had, among other evidence, all of the following at its disposal: the eyewitness account of a participant in the crimes; the gun used in the crimes; and the statements of two close associates of the killers directly implicating them in the crimes. Yet they chose not to act on any of this for a period of several months.

Though no serial killer/mass murderer in history has likely achieved the level of notoriety, or generated the volume of media coverage, that Charles Manson has, many of the most compelling facts of the Manson case remain largely unknown to the public. Of particular significance, perhaps, are the myriad levels on which the killers and the victims were connected. One of those connections was provided by none other than Anton LaVey. At least one of Charlie's girls, known locally as the "Witches of Mendocino," was recruited from LaVey's Church of Satan. Susan "Sexy Sadie" Atkins was one of many dancers in LaVey's stable, collectively known as the "Topless Witches Review." Atkins later credited LaVey with starting her down the road to murder. Family member Bobby Beausoleil, who was a roommate and, by some accounts, a lover of child star-turned underground filmmaker Kenneth Anger, was also recruited from the Church of Satan.

Interestingly enough, LaVey had connections to the victims as well. He had formed a close association with Roman Polanski shortly before the murders when he served as the technical consultant for Polanski on the film "Rosemary's Baby," in which he also made a cameo appearance as—who else?—Satan. On the set of an earlier film, Tate herself had reportedly been initiated into witchcraft by Alexander Saunders. Sammy Davis, Jr., who was introduced to the Church of Satan by Manson victim Jay Sebring, has said of the victims who were killed at Tate's Cielo Drive residence: "Everyone there had at one time or another been into satanism." Some newspaper reports at the time of the slayings, denounced as sensationalism, were rife with reports that the Polanskis were satanists who hosted drug and sex orgies. Indeed, just days before the murders a drug dealer was reportedly filmed being whipped at the house in an S&M ritual. Various celebrities were said to have been attendance. Actor Dennis Hopper spoke in interviews of sadistic movies filmed at the house that featured some of Hollywood's biggest names.

Another connection was provided by the Esalen Institute, a 'new age' retreat in Monterrey with ties to Crowley enthusiast Timothy Leary's like-minded Himalayan Academy. Manson had ties to both. He had in fact visited Esalen, where Robert DeGrimston of the Process Church reportedly lectured occasionally,

just a few days before the Tate killings. On the very day of the murders, someone from within the Polanski home placed a call to the Institute for reasons unknown. One of the victims, Abigail Folger, may have visited the retreat just a few days before Manson's visit. Author Robert Heinlein was also reportedly invited to lecture at Esalen. Heinlein, who, like Hubbard, first gained notice penning pieces for *Astounding Science Fiction*, is probably best known as the author of the 1961 novel *Stranger in a Strange Land*. The book provided Manson with a Crowley-inspired script to follow, and it was one of the few books that Charlie allowed his disciples to read. Heinlein was a right-winger with strong authoritarian leanings who to this day, nevertheless, continues to be promoted by various voices in the progressive community.

Another link between the principals in the case was provided by singer "Mama" Cass Elliot. Victims Voytek Frykowski and Jay Sebring, who had a history of sadism, were both part of Cass's clique, as were Manson and some of his followers. Victim Abigail Folger may have been as well. Folger had also been friends for a time with Charles Manson himself, as well as with convicted *Cotton Club* killer Bill Mentzer. Four of the LAPD's top initial suspects in the Tate murder case were members of Cass Elliot's inner circle. They remained prime suspects for the first month of the investigation. One member of that circle was Pic Dawson, the flamboyant son of a U.S. State Department official and an on-and-off boyfriend of Cass. Dawson had lived in the home of victims Frykowski and Folger in the summer before the killings while the ill-fated pair house-sat for the Polanskis at the future crime scene: 10050 Cielo Drive, later renumbered, appropriately enough, 10066 Cielo Drive.

Another connection between killers and victims was provided by their shared interest in drug trafficking. Several of the victims—including Voytek Frykowski, Abigail Folger, and Sharon Tate herself—were linked to the trafficking of hallucinogens. Rosemary LaBianca was a known trafficker of methamphetamine, and likely other drugs as well. Frykowski had reportedly secured a deal just before the murders that would have made him the exclusive distributor of MDA in the L.A. area, his operations financed with coffee heiress Folger's considerable financial resources. Jay Sebring, who before the murders had once appeared in an underground movie that also featured Mansonite Bobby Beausoleil, appears to have been involved in the drug trade as well. A man named Joel Rostau is known to have delivered drugs to Sebring at the Cielo house just hours before the murders. Rostau was found murdered the next year in New York City. Another Sebring associate showed up dead just a month later in Florida. Immediately following the killings on Cielo Drive, Sebring's house was thoroughly cleaned by friends before police arrived to conduct a search.

The Manson family was also heavily involved in drug dealing, including trafficking in LSD, hashish, marijuana and cocaine. Just a couple of days after the killings, Manson was seen driving a black Mercedes Benz possibly owned by an underling of a man named Ronald Stark. Around that same time, Stark assumed the role of banker for the 'Brotherhood of Eternal Love,' a tax-exempt 'church' that was formed by a motorcycle gang with close ties to Timothy Leary. The Brotherhood was led by a man named "Farmer" John Griggs. At the same time as the Tate murders, Griggs allegedly overdosed on PCP at the group's ranch in Idyllwild, California. A month earlier, a teenage friend of Leary's daughter had been found drowned at the ranch. The death of Griggs resulted in a massive shake-up at the organization that resulted in the shadowy Stark becoming the Brotherhood's sole banker and money manager. Under Stark's guiding hand, the Brotherhood became the largest known producer and distributor of LSD in the world, producing some 50 million doses. Stark was also closely linked to a parallel acid-producing operation in the UK dubbed the "Microdot Gang," which likewise produced millions of hits of LSD in the early 1970s. While running his empire, Stark was known to have extensive contacts with American embassy personnel and to have frequent visitors from both the British and the American consulates.

Were the Manson killings in reality part of what might be dubbed "The Great Acid Coup of 1969"? Were they the result of an operation aimed at, among other things, killing off some competitors, intimidating others, and consolidating control of the hallucinogenic drug market? The possibility clearly exists. Police originally were drawn to the theory that the killings were drug related. Other early theories were that the killings were occult inspired, or that the true motive could be found in what was dubbed 'fame-porn.' Films and videos found at the Polanski home suggested an elite Hollywood wife-swapping operation. The Folger/Frykowski home also yielded a box of erotic photos of Hollywood's elite.

There were also indications of the involvement of organized crime in the killings. Leno LaBianca had known underworld connections to whom he reportedly owed nearly \$250,000 in gambling debts. At the time of the murders, the LaBianca home—which I must add, perhaps gratuitously, was once owned by Walt Disney—was known to have its phone lines tapped. I could also add here, perhaps rather gratuitously as well, that Walt Disney was a direct descendent, on his mother's side, of George Burroughs—reportedly the 'grand wizard' of the witches executed in Salem in 1692.

One mistaken impression that many people have about the Manson case is that the homes where the attacks took place were largely chosen at random. That was hardly the case. Manson was very familiar with the Polanski/Tate home, which he had visited in the past. Manson knew both the owner of the Cielo Drive

home, Rudy Altobelli, and the previous tenant, Terry Melcher, who along with Charlie was involved with the Process Church (as was John Phillips, Cass Elliot's bandmate and another associate of Manson). Charlie was familiar with the LaBianca home as well; it was right next door to the home of Harold True, who had hosted LSD parties attended by Charlie and his followers before the murders.

One particularly bizarre fact about the Tate killings that has gone largely unreported is that the crime scene appeared to have been rearranged after the killers had left. An attempt appeared to have been made to pose the victims bodies on the home's front porch, after which the corpses were reposed inside the house. Evidence of tampering with the crime scene included an unidentified bloody boot heel print found on the front porch of the house and a number of unidentified fingerprints on the premises.

Manson was ultimately arrested on charges unrelated to the murders on October 12, Aleister Crowley's birthday, following a raid on the Family compound, and was only later charged in connection to the killings. Charlie had previously been arrested or charged on forty or more occasions. One of those arrests, in 1967, was made by a narcotics team led by the LAPD's Frank Salerno. Salerno would later lead the task forces investigating both the Hillside Strangler murders and the Night Stalker killings.

When the Manson case came to trial, there were the usual strange occurrences that seem to plague serial killer trials. The lead defense attorney, Ronald Hughes, had just passed the bar and had yet to try a single case. He was, needless to say, a rather odd choice to spearhead the defense of one of the most vigorously prosecuted and high-profile murder cases of all time. Hughes soon went missing, and later turned up dead on the very day that death sentences were returned by the jury. Family member John Philip "Zero" Haught, not charged with playing a role in the murders, also turned up dead, allegedly after playing a game of Russian Roulette. Another member of the Family was whisked away to Patton State Hospital, which was reportedly deeply immersed in overt behavior modification experiments in the 1970s. Perhaps the most troubling aspect of the trial was that the defense team rested their case without bothering to actually present one. Courtroom viewers were stunned when not a single witness was called to rebut the prosecution's case, thereby virtually guaranteeing a win for Bugliosi and the state. Also of note is that then-President Richard Nixon declared Manson guilty on national television, nearly causing a mistrial, but ultimately greatly aiding the prosecution's efforts.

When it was all over, Judge Oder pronounced death sentences for Charlie, Patricia Krenwinkel, Susan Atkins, and Leslie VanHouten. The sentences were delivered on, of all days, April 19, 1971. The year before, Bobby Beausoleil had become the first Family member to receive a death sentence when the jury trying

him returned the sentence in the Gary Hinman murder trial. The date was April 21, 1970.

Perhaps in no other serial killer case has the subject of mind control played a more central role. That Charlie had a remarkable ability to control his followers is a well-established and widely acknowledged fact. Even more remarkable is that Manson has maintained much of that control from inside a prison cell for over thirty years now. In fact, the control that he had over his disciples was the primary basis for Manson's murder convictions. While it was Charlie's face that came to symbolize the killings, he did not personally participate in the Tate/LaBianca murders. According to the official version of events, he was not even present at the crime scenes when the murders took place; he merely suggested to his followers what they should do, and they obligingly followed his commands. In order to convict Manson then, it was necessary for the prosecution to convince the jury that the actual killers were virtually powerless to disobey their leader. For this reason, the Manson trial had no real precedent in American legal history. What the Manson case demonstrated was that it could be proven in a court of law that a person could be compelled to essentially act against his/her will. That had already been established in a Danish court in a landmark case recalled by Estabrooks in *Hypnotism*:

An amateur hypnotist named Nielson had induced an hypnotic subject named Hardrup to commit a murder...Nielson, the hypnotist, got a life sentence, the maximum penalty in Denmark, whereas Hardrup, the actual murderer, received a two-year sentence on the basis of temporary insanity.

The Manson case had a slightly different outcome: Manson, the hypnotist, received the death penalty, the maximum sentence in the State of California, and so too did the actual murderers. Legally and logically, that verdict made little sense. For if Manson's control was so complete that the killers were powerless to resist his commands, then they should not have been held legally accountable for their actions. And if Charlie did not wield such power, then he should not have been held responsible for the actions of others. Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi did not address that inherent contradiction in his prosecution strategy in his widely read book, *Helter Skelter*. He did ponder, albeit briefly, how Manson gained such control over his subjects. He concluded that that remains "the most puzzling question of all." Indeed. After spending just a few pages briefly summarizing some of the techniques Manson employed on his followers, Bugliosi surmised:

I tend to think that there is something more, some missing link that enabled him to so rape and bastardize the minds of his followers that they would go against the most ingrained of all commandments, Thou shalt not kill, and willingly, even eagerly, murder at his command.

Charlie himself once gave an indication of how he controlled his flock: "If you want to get to people and unlock their minds, the basic way you get to them is through fear." That was a concept that borrowed from the teachings of the Process Church. In a summer 1969 interview, *Beach Boy* Dennis Wilson spoke of "getting the fear." In the same interview, he referred to Charlie as "the Wizard."

While pondering the question of *how* Manson was able to exert such control, Bugliosi largely ignores a perhaps even more important question: *where* did Charlie learn the techniques that he was obviously so skilled at? Bugliosi notes only that it "may be something that he learned from others," which, of course, is only stating the obvious. The question not asked, either in the book or at trial, is: who were these others? One possible answer can be found among the personnel at the Haight-Asbury Free Clinic in the late 1960s. Two employees of the clinic—Dr. Roger Smith, a research criminologist who had started the clinic's drug treatment program, and Dr. David Smith, who founded the clinic itself—were both involved in government-sponsored research on human behavior. Both had connections to Manson and his followers. In fact, Roger Smith was Charlie's parole officer.

Another question never addressed by Bugliosi is how it was possible that a man of limited education, who had spent the majority of his life behind bars, somehow acquired those skills while U.S. intelligence agencies, after investing countless millions of dollars in decades of research aimed at attaining that very same goal, have allegedly met with nothing but failure. It defies explanation that men such as Manson—or Jim Jones, David Koresh, *et al*—have stumbled upon a secret that the CIA has yet to discover. It is a patently absurd notion, and yet that is exactly what we are supposed to believe. We are also supposed to believe that Charlie, while controlling the actions of others, was himself acting on his own free will. That is highly unlikely.

If Charlie was in fact controlling the Family, the logical question to be asked at trial was: who was controlling Manson? Was Manson himself a puppet, as well as a puppeteer? That question, naturally, was never raised and so remains largely unanswered to this day. Perhaps Bugliosi felt that question unimportant, given that, according to his book, "The Manson case was, and remains, unique." Dr. Roger Smith saw things a little differently. In December 1969, he told *Life* magazine: "There are a lot of Charlies running around, believe me."

(The story of Charles Manson is an endlessly fascinating one. It is also a story that is difficult to tell in a linear fashion, because Charlie and his victims were connected to so many people on so many different levels. For a nonlinear look at the Manson story, see <http://www.davesweb.cnchost.com/wtc13.html>.)

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Relatively little has been written about the murder of Dr. Vincent Ohta and his family on October 19, 1970, though the crime was no less sensational than the slaughter at the Polanski/Tate residence the year before. There were two marked differences between the Santa Cruz crime scene and the Benedict Canyon crime scene: in Santa Cruz, none of the victims was a national celebrity and the job was done more professionally.

In a spectacular home overlooking the bay, Dr. Ohta, his secretary, Dorothy Cadwallader, his wife, Virginia, and his sons, Derrick and Taggart, were bound and blindfolded and then shot in the head from behind, execution style. They were then tossed into the home's pool, some of them while they were still alive. The house was then set afire in several locations, thus destroying the crime scene. The family's Rolls Royce and Lincoln Continental were parked across the home's driveway entrances, denying access to the emergency vehicles that attempted to respond to the fires. A third car, a 1968 Oldsmobile station wagon, was missing.

There was little in the way of crime scene evidence. The main portion of the house was completely gutted by the fires. The victims' bodies had been washed clean in the pool. A driving rain in the early morning hours had thoroughly washed away any footprints or other evidence that might have been left outside the home. Police initially said that they had found no scrawled messages and no evidence of burglary. When the missing Oldsmobile was found, torched and abandoned in a tunnel, it also failed to yield any evidence.

Although there was little for police to work with, one thing seemed clear enough: these murders were not the work of a lone perpetrator. Some investigators, and much of the public, immediately suspected that another homicidal cult was at work. It seemed very unlikely that a sole assailant would have been able to bind all five victims, drag all their bodies out to the pool, start multiple fires, blockade the driveway, and then make a clean getaway. Two guns were used in the commission of the crimes—the .38 caliber weapon that killed Dr. Ohta and the .22 caliber weapon that killed the others. A witness reported seeing three people in the vicinity of the abandoned Oldsmobile, and three sets of footprints were found leading from the tunnel to an adjacent river. Two people who fit the



witness' description were reportedly found in the search area, but there is no indication of what became of those potential suspects.

For obvious reasons, a Sheriff's spokesman announced at a press conference that police were seeking more than one perpetrator. A few days later, however, John Frazier was arrested and charged with being the sole perpetrator of the crimes. An initial report on the arrest falsely claimed that Frazier had waged a gun battle with police, when he was actually taken into custody without incident.

John Frazier had been placed in foster care at the age of five. He later ended up in a series of juvenile detention facilities. He was said to have a history of sleepwalking and horrifying nightmares. Despite his troubled upbringing, a friend described Frazier as having been a perfectly normal family man and competent mechanic, right up until the time that he suddenly changed his lifestyle dramatically and began speaking gibberish. On July 4, 1970, just three months before the murders, Frazier left his wife. At that time, he apparently took up residence in a shack, accessible via a drawbridge, on property near the Ohta residence. While living there, he reportedly collected guns.

Following his arrest, Frazier was assigned James Jackson, the chief assistant public defender of Santa Cruz County, as his defense counsel. Assisting Jackson was Harold Cartwright, a former U.S. Marine and police lieutenant working as Jackson's private investigator. Also brought on board by Jackson was Donald Lunde, a former Navy man and a professor of psychiatry at the Stanford University Medical School, not far from Santa Cruz. This team remained together to handle the Kemper and Mullin cases as well. Also on the same team, for all practical purposes, was prosecutor Peter Chang. It is unclear whether these four men knew each other before the Frazier trial began, but in his book, Lunde makes it clear that he, Chang, Jackson and Cartwright were fast friends by trial's end, and frequently saw each other socially thereafter. This undoubtedly made it much easier to coordinate the shamelessly fraudulent Kemper and Mullin trials.

On October 28, 1970, a grand jury indicted Frazier on five counts of murder. The defendant entered a plea of "not guilty," which was later changed, on January 19, 1971, to "not guilty by reason of insanity." A gag order was issued and the trial was moved to Redwood City, but the Santa Cruz team remained on the case. Helming the trial, which began in October 1971, was Judge Charles Franich. By late November, Frazier had been convicted on all five murder counts. It is unclear what evidence those convictions were based on. No murder weapon was ever found, so there was no ballistics evidence. There were no witnesses to the crime, and virtually all forensics evidence was destroyed by the fires and the rain. One witness reportedly identified Frazier as the driver of the abandoned Oldsmobile. It was claimed at one time by the DA's office that fingerprints had been recovered from a typewriter found in the incinerated home, but it was later acknowledged

that that statement had not been accurate. It was also claimed, implausibly enough, that fingerprints were recovered from a beer can found in the home.

Dr. Lunde seems to have played a key role in garnering the convictions when he testified (for the defense, mind you) that Frazier had confessed the crimes to him during a psychiatric examination. Lunde also assured the court: “He’s crazy.” John Frazier illustrated that point when he arrived for court during the penalty phase of the trial with half his head and face shaved clean. He was sentenced to death, but that sentence was later set aside by a 1976 Supreme Court decision.

There are many questions left unanswered in the Ohta/Frazier case. Among them is the question of what Dorothy Cadwallader was doing at the Ohta home. Cadwallader worked at Ohta’s office, not at his home, and she was not known to be a visitor to the residence. Press reports claimed that she was there to baby-sit, but Cadwallader’s husband denied those reports. He had no explanation for why his wife was there that fateful day.

Another lingering question concerns the typewritten note that a press release claimed was found under the windshield wiper of the Rolls Royce, contradicting initial reports that there were no notes or messages found. Of course, a typewritten note fits in quite well with the claim of a fingerprint-laden typewriter. That typewriter, unfortunately, did not actually exist. The note, however, lives on. It read, in part:

halloween...1970

today world war 3 will begin as brought to you by the pepole of the free universe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edmund Kemper III and Herbert Mullin—Santa Cruz’s dueling serial killers—lived what were, in many respects, strangely parallel lives.

Both were born the sons of World War II heroes, Kemper on December 18, 1948, and Mullin on April 18, 1947. Edmund Emil Kemper, Jr. was a Special Forces operative whose specialty, according to his son, was suicide missions. Martin William Mullin served as a highly decorated captain in the Pacific. According to *his* son, Martin voluntarily committed himself to a mental hospital at the close of the war. Both of these men liked to regale their sons with graphic war stories. Young Herb was taught that violence is natural, and Ed’s childhood home was filled with what Margaret Cheney described as “mementos of battle-field gore and heroics.”

In their youth, both Herb and Ed received training in firearms from the National Rifle Association while at summer camp. Both would later be accused and convicted of killing with the cold precision of a professional assassin. Both were also labeled ‘serial killers,’ though both were convicted of crimes that evidence suggests they did not commit—at least not alone.

Both of their alleged killing sprees began in 1972 in Santa Cruz, California and both were arrested in early 1973. Following those arrests, the two were assigned adjoining jail cells, appointed the same defense attorney, examined by the same psychiatrist, and their cases were prosecuted by the same district attorney, at least until Chang bowed out of the Mullin case due to a medical emergency. Kemper and Mullin were both found guilty, both determined to be sane, and both were sent to California’s Vacaville Medical Facility, which has been well documented as a hotbed of covert intelligence operations. Not long before their killing sprees began, both men spent a considerable amount of time in mental institutions, both voluntarily and involuntarily. In the two years leading up to the convictions of Kemper and Mullin, at least seventy-four men, women and children were killed in the state of California by released mental patients.

\* \* \* \* \*

Herb Mullin was, by all outward appearances, the quintessential All-American boy. He was a bright student, a talented athlete, and was popular enough to have been voted “most likely to succeed” by his graduating class at San Lorenzo Valley High School. But he was also known to consume large quantities of hallucinogenic drugs and he had “Legalize Acid” boldly tattooed across his stomach.

On April 21, 1968, just three days after his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, Mullin was arrested for possession of the substance referenced in another of Herb’s tattoos: “Eagle Eyes Marijuana.” He cryptically wrote to his parents of that experience: “That day the GAME started.” For the ‘crime’ of possessing marijuana, Herb was given probation and, on Halloween day, committed to San Luis Obispo General Hospital. The personable young man—who was known to have a keen interest in astrology, numerology, reincarnation, magic and the occult—was institutionalized at least four more times over the next few years, including a voluntary commitment to Mendocino State Hospital near Ukiah. On July 30, 1970, Herb was again arrested on drug charges and ordered into the psychiatric ward of the county hospital.

That same year, he met an older woman named Pat Brown at a Santa Cruz commune, and she soon thereafter convinced him to accompany her to Maui. Once there, Herb was once again committed to a mental hospital. According to

Manson chronicler Ed Sanders, the hospital was run by the U.S. Army. Sanders also claimed, in a letter to famed ‘conspiracy’ researcher Mae Brussell, that a mind control project in operation on the Hawaiian Islands at the time was specifically aimed at creating ‘serial killers.’ While on Maui, Mullin—whose other tattoos read “Mahashamadhi,” “Kriya Yoga,” and the word “Birth” with two crosses—also spent time at the Krishna Temple. Upon his return to the mainland, he was met at the airport by the son of a prominent local doctor, Richard Koch. Mullin reportedly revealed to him that he had received electroshock treatments while on Maui.

On March 28, 1971, Mullin was again arrested, this time for being drunk in public and resisting an officer. He served ten days in jail and then, in May, moved to San Francisco, where he remained for the next sixteen months, although later he had only vague memories of that lengthy period. For the most part, he could not account for that entire one-and-a-half-year slice of his life. He lived in the city’s ‘Tenderloin’ district, where Charlie Manson had taken up residence just a few years earlier. Herb stayed in the company of young male hustlers in a series of seedy hotel rooms and, at times, in his car. Friends and acquaintances from that period of his life universally described him as sweet, tender, sensitive, and completely incapable of killing anyone. Strangely though, he also appears to have been a Golden Gloves boxer during that time.

Throughout his adult life, Herb complained frequently of voices in his head, haunting his thoughts. He regularly told those around him that he was receiving messages, including commands to kill, that were delivered in his father’s voice. Herb would later state: “I feel that I was under my father’s control, like a robot.” Mullin was also known to tell people that his father, a Mason, was a mass murderer responsible for countless unsolved killings up and down the California coast. During the largely blacked-out period that he spent in San Francisco, Herb engaged in what is known as backward writing, a hypnotically conditioned skill that is frequently indicative of mind control programming. Mullin was ultimately diagnosed as suffering from MPD; his alters were said to include a Mexican laborer, an Eastern philosopher, and, bizarrely enough, local columnist and unofficial Anton LaVey publicist Herb Caen.

Herb returned from San Francisco to his parent’s Santa Cruz home in September 1972, and allegedly began his killing spree just a few weeks later. He allegedly purchased a six-shot .22 revolver from a gun shop on December 22, the winter solstice. Around that same time, the former Conscientious Objector inexplicably decided to enlist in the U.S. Marines. On January 15, he passed both the physical and mental entrance examinations, a rather remarkable feat considering that at the time he was just a few weeks away from being arrested and charged as a serial killer. He also had a criminal record, which his recruiter opted to waive.

Herb's arrest preempted his military plans. Once in custody, he was interrogated by police, throughout which he robotically chanted the single word "silence" to virtually all questions posed to him, as if repeating an instruction that had been programmed into his brain. He later claimed that, once incarcerated, he began receiving telepathic messages instructing him to kill himself, but he was able to resist acting on those orders. Had Mullin elected to commit suicide, the state surely would have breathed a sigh of relief. After all, they would have been spared the burden of staging a blatantly fraudulent trial.

From the moment of Herb's arrest, there were clear indications that he was being railroaded—by the very same team, as noted previously, that sent John Frazier to death row. There were also clear signs from early on that Mullin may not have been responsible for many of the crimes for which he was charged, most of which looked for all the world like contract hits. The killing of Father Tomei, for example, was very likely a professional hit. Tomei, who was raised in an orphanage during World War I, was internationally known both as a hero of the French resistance during World War II, and for having organized a chorus for troubled youth made up primarily of boys from abusive homes. This chorus toured internationally, which, though it is merely speculation, would have provided an ideal 'front' for an underage male prostitution racket.

An eyewitness to the slaying of Tomei described his assailant as young, white, 6' tall, and wearing a black leather jacket. Herb was only 5' 7" tall and never owned a black leather jacket. Although he certainly could have borrowed the jacket, the five-inch height discrepancy is a little harder to explain. Mullin did have a connection to Tomei: Herb's second cousin, Monsignor Edwin Kennedy, was a close friend of the slain priest.

Mullin may or may not have been responsible for the nearly simultaneous mass murders at the homes of Jim Gianera and Bob Francis. One witness described the possible assailant as being short and of medium build, which accurately described Herb. But the witness also stated that he thought the man was Mexican, which Mullin definitely was not, although, as previously mentioned, one of his alter egos was. One thing that is known for sure is that Herb knew the victims quite well, which illustrates yet another flaw in the public's perception of the nature of serial crime. In fact, a number of the killers profiled herein knew at least some of their victims, and sometimes knew them quite well.

Another thing that is quite clear is that the Gianera and Francis families were not randomly selected victims. Rather, they were almost certainly the targets of professional hits. Both Francis and Gianera were known drug dealers, as were Gianera's two brothers. And word on the street at the time of the killings was that Jim and Bob were snitches. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that the simultaneous assaults on their two homes were random acts of violence.

Bob Francis was not at home at the time of the killings, but his wife and two young sons were summarily and quite professionally executed with a .22 round to the head. One of those sons, Herb's youngest alleged victim at just four years old, was named Daemon—which is a nice name to give to your kid, if your name happens to be, say, Lucifer. At the Gianera home, both Jim and his wife Joan were killed with multiple gunshot and stab wounds. Strangely, both Jim and Joan's families arrived at the crime scene before the police were notified. The house looked as though it had been thoroughly searched, though whether by the killers or by the victims' families is unclear. Police later found two .22 casings in Bob Francis' car, though that is obviously far from being conclusive evidence of guilt.

Another mass murder attributed to Mullin, the slaughter of four teenaged campers, appeared to have been the work of multiple perpetrators—unless, that is, one chooses to believe that one man wielding a six-shot revolver can overpower four healthy young men armed with a rifle. This crime also looked very much like a professional job. All four victims were coldly and methodically dispatched with a single small caliber shot to the head from point-blank range. Evidence at the scene suggested that there had definitely been a struggle, yet the boys loaded and unfired rifle was found still lying within easy reach of where the teens' bodies lay dead.

The final murder attributed to Herb was the sniper shooting of a retired boxer who was felled with a single shot to the chest from 100 feet away, in what appeared to be yet another professional hit. Just days later, prosecutor Chang filed six murder counts against Mullin, even though three witnesses were unable to pick him out of a police line-up. Eight days later, four more murder counts were added and a sweeping gag order was issued barring any public statements on the case from anyone involved. On March 1, Mullin appeared before a judge, accompanied by attorney Jackson, and shocked the courtroom by entering a *nolo contendere* plea and a request to represent himself. When the judge rejected both the plea and the request, Herb immediately offered up a guilty plea. The judge, however, insisted on going through with the mockery of a trial. Dispensing with a preliminary hearing, the case was instead sent to a grand jury, which issued indictments on all ten murder counts on March 14. The transcript of those proceedings, naturally enough, was sealed by the judge.

Mullin's defense counsel, Jackson, got things rolling by introducing a number of pre-trial motions that rather shamelessly sold his client out. Jackson told the court that there was no reason to change the venue of the trial, despite a massive amount of pre-trial publicity demonizing Mullin, and despite the unprecedented climate of fear in Santa Cruz engendered by the alleged actions of Kemper, Frazier, Mullin, *et al.* He also made an unprecedented request that jury questioning, known as *voir dire*, be conducted in the judge's chambers. The request was granted and the jury was, without precedent, selected away from the eyes of the press and public.

As California law requires that a defendant pleading “not guilty by reason of insanity” also maintain their factual innocence, two trials are generally required to dispose of such a case: one to determine factual guilt; and the second to determine sanity, and therefore legal guilt. In a most remarkable move, however, Jackson agreed with the prosecutor and the judge that the two should be combined into one, since it was universally claimed that there was no question about factual guilt. The ‘trial,’ in other words, began with the presumption of guilt as its starting point, completely doing away with the notion that, in the American criminal justice system, all defendants are presumed innocent until proven guilty in a court of law.

When the trial began on July 30, 1973, the judge opened the proceedings by explaining to the secretly selected jurors the five possible verdicts they were to consider: guilty of first degree murder; guilty of second degree murder, guilty of voluntary manslaughter; guilty of involuntary manslaughter; or not guilty by reason of insanity. Notably absent from that list, from the very beginning of the trial, was “not guilty.” Not to be outdone, defense counsel Jackson began his opening statement by declaring: “Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, October 1972, Herbert William Mullin took a baseball bat and clubbed one Lawrence White to death.” Not only had he declared his client guilty of murder, *he had implicated him in a crime he had never even been charged with*. Jackson’s opening act also included this little gem: “We do not, as you know, intend to argue the proposition that [Herb] did not commit these killings.” He did not, in other words, intend to actually defend his client.

With Mullin’s guilt having been predetermined—albeit with no actual physical evidence to support that conclusion—the state presented its case in just four days, with the ‘facts’ established rather perfunctorily and without a hint of any objections from the defense table. The defense team, in fact, did not bother to challenge any of the supposed facts of the case, which would not have withstood any sort of scrutiny. Truth be told, the state need not have presented a case at all; the defense did a fine job of establishing Mullin’s guilt. Playing a central role in that charade was Dr. Donald Lunde, who took the stand and proceeded to reveal what was purportedly Herb’s own account of the murders, which the doctor claimed that Mullin had confessed to both he and Cartwright.

Not long into this testimony, Herb objected and requested that Jackson promptly terminate his questioning of Lunde, which was obviously eliciting testimony that was damaging to Herb’s case. Mullin noted of Lunde’s testimony: “different aspects and different facets of the story which I related are being portrayed completely false as to how I made them.” He also informed the judge that, “in conference, they [Lunde and Jackson] explained that they would portray the reasons for my derangement.” The judge, needless to say, declined to halt Lunde’s

testimony, which was essential for establishing Mullin's alleged guilt, which is why, I suppose, the testimony was being solicited by the *defense* team.

Herb voiced numerous other complaints during his trial and frequently questioned the competence and integrity of his appointed defenders, noting at one point the fact that Jackson, his lead attorney, refused to communicate with him in writing. Herb also strenuously objected to the misuse by Lunde of videotapes that the doctor had made of Herb's supposed confessions. Mullin even went so far as to state, rather bluntly, that he was the victim of a huge conspiracy. Despite his deep mistrust of Lunde, the doctor was nevertheless able to convince Mullin to take the stand in his own defense, which any first year law student knows almost never benefits anyone other than the prosecution. While on the stand, Herb was asked directly by Jackson to explain why he had killed thirteen people, to which he responded: "All right. First of all, you have heard me say before that I am a scapegoat, sort of an outcast who has been made to become a scapegoat."

That was not, it seems safe to say, the response that Jackson had hoped to elicit.

On August 19, 1973, the jury returned with guilty verdicts on all ten murder counts. The failure of the pitiful attempt at an insanity defense was due in no small part to a statement from Lunde to the jury: "as a practical matter, whether somebody is dangerous or not, there is no place to put him." The message was quite clear: finding Mullin to be insane would essentially mean setting him free. The jury had essentially been instructed to find Herb guilty, and it did just that. He was sentenced to life in prison and promptly shipped off to Vacaville, before ultimately landing in San Quentin. Over the years, he was periodically shipped back to Vacaville, perhaps in need of a tune-up.

To fully understand the depths of Lunde's cravenness, one need look no further than the doctor's own words, written in his self-serving book on the case: "I had learned years earlier that the best course after a psychiatric interview of a criminal defendant is for me to return to my office, immediately dictate a summary of my notes, and destroy the originals." That is, needless to say, a course of action to be taken only when one feels the need to cover something up, and a course of action that should have disqualified Lunde as a credible witness in the case.

The final words on the Mullin case were written by Kenneth Springer, the jury foreman, who wrote to then-Governor of California Ronald Reagan: "I hold the state executive and state legislative offices as responsible for these 10 lives as I do the defendant himself—none of this need ever have happened." Springer probably had no idea how true those words really were. Nor did he likely know that the very same words could be as accurately applied to the case of Edmund Kemper.



When Ed Kemper was just a toddler, his father headed off for the Pacific, where he spent two years working on the U.S. atomic bomb testing program, as did the father of the so-called “Sunset Strip Killer”...but we’ll get to that later.

Though it appears that efforts have been made to whitewash Kemper’s childhood, there are clear indications that it was a horrifyingly abusive one. At one point in his young life, Ed was made to live in a dank, dark basement for eight consecutive months, the only access to which was through a trapdoor hidden beneath a kitchen table. From the age of eight, Ed engaged in an incestuous relationship with an older sister. At ten, he killed and beheaded his first cat, planted the severed head on a spindle and thereafter prayed over it. According to chronicler Margaret Cheney, he was prone to “zombie-like fits of staring,” which is another way of saying that he had a strong tendency to dissociate.

At the tender age of fifteen, Kemper summarily executed both of his grandparents with single .22 caliber rounds to the backs of their heads. He was judged insane and, on December 6, 1964, was remanded by the California Youth Authority to Atascadero State Hospital, an enormous facility filled with convicted rapists, child molesters and other violent sex offenders. Kemper remained at Atascadero for five years. On staff there, near the end of his confinement, was none other than Dr. Donald Lunde. It is indeed a small world.

Remanded back to the CYA as ‘cured,’ Kemper was paroled three months later to his mother’s care. Not long after, Ed began work on a particularly brutal string of murders, while at the very same time he successfully petitioned to have his juvenile record sealed. In pursuit of that latter goal, he reportedly once drove to Fresno for a required psychiatric exam with a freshly severed head in the trunk of his car.

Kemper spent a considerable amount of his free time hanging out at a bar called the “Jury Room,” which served as a watering hole for local cops, sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys. Kemper was quite well known there, where he was affectionately known as “Big Ed,” even by the regulars who were aware of his colorful history. This theme of alleged serial killers maintaining close ties with various law enforcement agencies and personnel is one that will be revisited frequently in this book. In fact, many of the men profiled herein, including Ed Kemper, aspired to careers in law enforcement themselves.

By April 1973, Kemper had been charged with savagely murdering six female hitchhikers between May 1972 and February 1973. He followed those killings up with his swansong—bludgeoning his own mother to death, beheading her, raping her headless corpse, and then, according to some reports, using her severed head as a dartboard. Ed then called to invite his mother’s friend over to the house that he shared with his mom and, upon her arrival, quickly dealt with her in a similar manner. This double murder occurred, strangely enough, on April 21,

1973—exactly five years to the day from the date on which Herb Mullin had noted that the “GAME” had begun. Kemper quickly fled the state, ending up in Pueblo, Colorado after a making a stop at the University of Nevada campus for reasons unknown.

On April 23, Big Ed called some of his drinking buddies at the Santa Cruz Police Department and promptly began confessing his crimes. Pueblo police arrested him as he stood at a public payphone talking to the Santa Cruz officers. In his nearby car were 3 guns and 200 rounds of ammunition. He had apparently left some of his arsenal at home; his sister claimed that Ed owned at least six guns, including a .22 Ruger pistol, which is the one that he allegedly used to inflict the fatal head wounds that killed many of his victims. Why Ed chose to turn himself in and give up without a fight, after making his roundabout escape equipped with a mini arsenal, remains a mystery.

Though there is no question that Kemper was involved in the killings (he did, after all, document his handiwork with Polaroids), there is evidence to suggest that others may have been involved as well. An eyewitness to the abduction of one victim, for instance, described a “fairly tall male Caucasian” driving a “cream or tan-colored sedan.” Kemper’s car was bright yellow, and he was hardly what would be considered “fairly tall.” Kemper, in fact, was known as Big Ed for good reason: he was a giant of a man, standing 6’ 9” tall and weighing in at 280 pounds. It would have been nearly impossible for any potential eyewitnesses not to notice his imposing stature.

One particularly bizarre aspect of the crimes attributed to Ed Kemper and Herb Mullin is that the body of one of Ed’s alleged victims and the body of one of Herb’s alleged victims were found buried in the virtually the same isolated, remote location. As Kemper himself noted, the body of his victim was discovered “amazingly close to where the girl from Cabrillo was found up there, stabbed.”

Kemper’s trial was a largely pointless affair that featured the very same cast of characters that had starred in the Frazier and Mullin trials. No one in the courtroom ever questioned whether Ed was factually guilty of the crimes, or whether he had acted alone. After all, he had given what Cheney described as “one of the most detailed, articulate, and chilling confessions of sadism, murder, mutilation, cannibalism, and necrophilia in the annals of crime.” He had also taken the time to document his barbarity with a large collection of ‘snuff’ photos. What the confessions and photos revealed was a series of unbelievably sadistic crimes that were laced with occult symbolism. This had led some avenues of the media to theorize, prior to Ed’s arrest, that the yet-to-be-identified killer was a member of a devil-worshipping cult.

Just as Mullin had unwisely chosen to take the stand in his own defense, so too did Kemper. He testified that the killings arose from fantasies that began to build

in his head during his confinement at Atascadero. Attorney Jackson elaborated, adding that Ed had told California Youth Authority officials of “evil forces within him which tried to control his behavior.” Incidentally, John Frazier, like Kemper, had spent time with the CYA; he also claimed, like Mullin, to hear voices in his head. The phenomenon of hearing voices, though considered by psychiatrists to be auditory hallucinations indicative of delusional thought processes, is actually a quite logical manifestation of both Multiple Personality Disorder and mind control programming, the two frequently going hand-in-hand. Many researchers have put forth the idea that the hearing of such voices, and particularly the receiving of specific commands, is a result of various high-tech forms of electromagnetic mind control, such as inter-cerebral implants. However, while such technology no doubt exists, it really is not necessary to explain the phenomenon of hearing voices—a phenomenon that long predates the development of any technological means to produce it.

In all probability, what the voices represent are the various alter personalities of a person with a severe dissociative disorder communicating with that person’s core personality, which has no conscious awareness of the alters and so experiences their voices as disembodied “voices in the head.” The voices, in other words, are essentially a one-way internal conversation between different personalities inhabiting the same body. In a sense then, the voices are not a delusion at all, for the afflicted person is not imagining that someone is talking to him; someone *is* talking to him. The problem is that the person is unaware that the person talking to him is actually within him. He is, in a very real sense, talking to himself.

Ed Kemper was probably familiar with the notion of voices in the head. As he once said, “I believe...that there are two people inside me.” He also described experiencing a dissociative state while going about his grisly work: “It’s almost like a blacking out. You know what you’re doing but you don’t notice anything else around.” Ed was judged sane and guilty of eight counts of first-degree murder, giving him a career total of ten homicide convictions, just like Herb Mullin. He was sentenced to life in prison and sent to Vacaville, then later transferred to Folsom.

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It seems somehow redundant to review the case of the so-called Vampire of Sacramento, Richard Chase, given that his story closely parallels that of Herb Mullin. Nevertheless, a brief review is in order.

Chase was born into a household where inter-familial violence was the order of the day. His parents reportedly fought constantly, and his father was

euphemistically described as a “strict disciplinarian.” By the age of eighteen, Richard was receiving regular psychiatric care. In the late 1960s, Chase was twice arrested for possession of marijuana, the same charge that first brought Mullin into the orbit of the criminal justice system. Richard was also a suspect in a 1968 shooting, although he was never charged with the crime. In 1973, he was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon and, on December 1, he was admitted into the American River Hospital by order of the court, but was discharged not long after into the care of his mother. As Herb had done with his father, Richard took to accusing his mother of controlling his mind. Chase also began claiming in the mid-70s that he was receiving telepathic messages. He was known to hold conversations with people nobody else could see. And like Mullin, Chase reportedly had a healthy appetite for hallucinogenic drugs. His mother later claimed that her son’s problems were due to him being the victim of LSD abuse.

Richard was again arrested in 1976 and, on April 28, just two days shy of *Walpurgisnacht*, was again admitted to American River Hospital. In June of that same year, his mother was granted a one-year conservatorship of the troubled young man. He was then transferred to Beverly Manor, where he became known to staff and fellow inmates as “Dracula.” In September 1976, he was released. In June or July of the following year, Richard Chase made a very odd solo journey to Washington, D.C., for reasons unknown. He never explained to anyone, before or after the trip, the reason for his abrupt and unexpected sojourn. Immediately after that, on August 3, 1977, Chase was arrested at California’s Pyramid Lake. Two loaded and bloodstained rifles were on the seat of his truck, along with Richard’s bloodstained clothes and shoes. Also in the vehicle was a large bucket of blood in which was floating a fresh liver (later claimed to be from a cow). Chase—naked, dripping with fresh blood, and with dried blood caked in his hair, whiskers and ears—fled from the officers upon their approach. He was apprehended, arrested and charged with federal gun law violations. In a rather unlikely turn of events, all the charges were subsequently dropped.

Less than five months later, Chase’s alleged killing spree began, just after he purchased a .22 semi-automatic handgun in early December 1977—just as Mullin had done in December 1972. On December 29, an engineer with the Federal Bureau of Land Management was picked off by a sniper in a car wielding a .22 caliber weapon—precisely mirroring one of the crimes attributed to Herb Mullin. Not quite a month after that, Teresa Wallin was killed with two contact wounds to the head from a .22, one pumped into her left temple. The slugs recovered from her head were said to be “similar” to the one that killed engineer Ambrose Griffin—which is not saying much, since any .22 slug would be similar to the one that killed Griffin.

Teresa Wallin was carved up and left on display. She was ripped open from her neck to her groin, with her sternum and breastplate split open. Some of her organs were removed and her left nipple was sliced off. She was then posed in the master bedroom on her back, with her splayed legs facing the hallway. Her corpse was found to contain a three-month-old fetus. Just four days later, in a scene reminiscent of the Ohta house after John Frazier's alleged visit, or the Francis home after Herb Mullin's alleged visit, Evelyn Miroth was found dead in her home, the victim of a .22 round fired above her left ear at very close range. A man described as a friend, Danny Meredith, caught two slugs to the head, one between the eyes and another next to his left ear. Young Jason Miroth, Evelyn's son, was shot above the left ear and in the back of the head. Missing from the home was twenty-two-month-old David Ferreira, Evelyn's nephew. He was also shot in the head, though his body was not discovered until much later.

Evelyn Miroth was also brutally mutilated after her death, as was young David Ferreira. Miroth was found nude, ripped open and with her legs splayed. Two household knives lay near her body. Her right eye had been partially removed and there were multiple cuts and stab wounds about her neck. She had been split down the middle, with a second cut across her abdomen intersecting the first gaping wound, thereby forming an inverted cross on her corpse—as was the case also with Mullin's alleged 'ripper' victim, whose body was discarded nearly alongside of one of Kemper's alleged victims. Another cut ran up the back of Evelyn Miroth's buttocks; tests revealed that semen was present in the wound. This semen was never matched to that of her alleged killer. The bathroom of the home was a gruesome sight, with blood all over the floor and bloody water left standing in the bathtub, indicating that Miroth was probably butchered there before being posed elsewhere.

Mirroring the situation five years earlier in Santa Cruz, the homicide rate in Sacramento soared during Chase's alleged murder spree. In the twenty-nine days between his first and last killings, no fewer than fourteen largely unexplained murders plagued the capital city. Included among the dead were a baby girl killed by her father and a baby boy killed by his mother. Both of these infanticidal parents drew three-year sentences, illustrating once again the appalling job done by the criminal 'justice' system in protecting the most vulnerable of Americans.

On January 28, just one day after the Miroth bloodbath, Richard Chase was arrested by a three-man team of detectives that had been working the case. Despite the fact that these were arguably the most sensational crimes in the city's history, the three were all rookies whose *combined* experience working homicide cases totaled just six months. It seemed almost as though the police, rather than turn the case over to its most seasoned homicide detectives, had opted to bring in a team of newcomers to handle the investigation.

At the time of his arrest, Chase believed that he was under investigation not for murder, but for killing dogs, which he apparently was in the habit of doing. The detectives quickly made clear that Richard was being charged with multiple counts of murder, which he repeatedly denied knowing anything about. He readily admitted though to killing the dogs, whose blood covered virtually everything in his apartment, including his handwritten notebook that reportedly featured drawings of swastikas. Chase was grilled relentlessly by detectives, who showed him photographs and filled him in on the details of the crimes they claimed he was guilty of committing. Steadfastly though, Chase maintained his innocence, at one point saying: "I just...I don't know. I don't understand how it could be me."<sup>23</sup>

Eventually two other detectives took over the questioning of Chase, showing him yet more graphic crime scene photos and hurling yet more accusations at him. Nevertheless, Richard continued to steadfastly deny any involvement in the murders and the detectives ultimately gave up and sent him to a cell. Once there, amazingly enough, Chase promptly confessed the murders to a trustee inmate. That is, at any rate, the way the official story reads.

To say that the case against Chase was weak would be a serious understatement. No forensics evidence placed him at, or even anywhere near any of the crime scenes: not one drop of blood, not one strand of hair, not a single fingerprint. No witnesses could place him at any of the scenes and no ballistics evidence linked him to any of the killings. The only evidence recovered at the Wallin crime scene consisted of latex glove prints and fresh shoeprints on the kitchen floor. The latter, oddly enough, were not noticed until hours after technicians began searching the home, and hours after investigators had been freely trampling over the

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23 That statement by Chase may have been a telling one. Such speculative statements about one's own guilt or innocence, seeming to imply that the accused cannot say for certain, are quite common in the serial killer literature. Ted Bundy, who gave what are said to be 'confessions' by speculating on what the killer *may or may not* have done, was particularly notorious for such comments. These types of statements are generally attributed to the killer's desire to match wits with, and play games with, their pursuers, and/or to a desire to confess their crimes without actually giving a legally admissible confession—to take credit for their crimes without actually incriminating themselves. However, there is another explanation: it might be that many of these alleged killers cannot honestly say whether they are guilty. They know that the persona being questioned is not guilty, but they may not be able to rule out the possibility that another persona, utilizing their body, may indeed be guilty. That would be particularly true if the person has 'blacked-out' the timeframe when the crimes occurred.

alleged evidence. One detail of the crime scene strongly indicated that the killer was not Chase, but rather someone known to Teresa: her ever-vigilant German Shepherd, Brutus, was in the house at the time of the killing.

Two sisters of David Wallin—Teresa's husband, who discovered the body—suspected one of David's former significant others, who claimed to possess psychic powers and who had bragged to the two women that she was in a "devil cult." One such cult that was active in the area, strangely enough, was the Manson Family, who had relocated to the area to be near their leader's new home in a California prison cell. Indeed, the Family's Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme had been arrested just two years before, in 1975, in the city's Capital Park following a failed assassination attempt on then-President Gerald Ford.

At the Miroth crime scene, all that was left behind by the killer was again shoeprints, this time in the outside soil, and latex glove prints. A cigarette butt that may or may not have been left by an assailant was found on the porch. There is no indication that saliva on that butt was ever matched to Chase. Richard's car was apparently parked nearby, adjacent to the Country Club Centre, a fact that prosecutors pointed to as an indication of guilt. If so, Chase had parked the car rather inappropriately for use as an intended getaway car: it was quite conspicuously parked in a clearly marked no-parking zone. And oddly enough, the car was not actually used; the Meredith car was driven away from the home by the killer(s). It appeared as though Chase's car had been deliberately left, by someone, in such a way that it would not fail to be noticed, and in a location that would establish Richard's presence near the crime. There is a distinct possibility that whoever killed the inhabitants of the Miroth home arrived in the Meredith car as well as leaving in it, which would mean that the killer almost certainly knew the victims. Neighbors across the street, who were keeping a fairly close eye on the house, saw no one enter or leave the Miroth home, saw no other cars arrive, and neither saw nor heard any signs of a struggle.

Perhaps the clearest indication that Chase did not act alone in committing the crime, if indeed he was involved at all, is that the tiny body of David Ferreira was found adjacent to a church nearly two months *after* Richard had been arrested. The discovery was made when a gate that was normally kept locked was found to be unlocked and left ajar. There in a box lay Ferreira's remains—stabbed, slashed, shot and beheaded. Also in the box were the child's clothes and Danny Meredith's car keys. According to prosecutors, the body had been decomposing there since before Chase's arrest. Common sense and the circumstances of its discovery suggest otherwise.

When Chase's trial began on January 2, 1979, Richard stood before the court looking very much like a concentration camp inmate. Already a thin man, the 5'

11” Chase’s weight had dropped to a nearly skeletal 107 pounds. He sat emotionless at the defense table, his mind seemingly miles away.

As recounted by Lt. Ray Biondi, who headed the investigation and co-authored a self-congratulatory book on the case, the most “damning” pieces of evidence presented in support of the state’s case were two items that Chase allegedly had in his possession at the time of his arrest: a .22 caliber handgun and Danny Meredith’s wallet. The .22 though could not be matched to any of the slugs recovered from the victims, and the possibility certainly exists that the wallet was planted, or was acquired by Chase after the murders. As it turned out, the strongest card in the state’s hand was Chase himself, who took the stand in his own defense, just as Herb had done. Despite having entered pleas of “not guilty” and “not guilty by reason of insanity,” Chase proceeded to give a long and rambling confession on the stand, during which he “freely and accurately used psychiatric and legal jargon,” according to Biondi. What he could not do, however, was accurately recall many of the details of the crimes.

Chase’s defense counsel greatly aided the prosecution’s efforts by asking the jury to return second-degree murder convictions against his client. Echoing the immortal words of James Jackson, he stated: “I just feel that to tell you that there is something less than murder here is not a reasonable way to argue to you.” On May 8, 1979, after just five hours of deliberations, the jury returned with six first-degree murder convictions. Six days later, after just 65 minutes of deliberations, they found the defendant sane. Four more hours of deliberations produced death sentences, after Chase once again took the stand during the penalty phase of the trial.

Richard Chase never made his appointment with the executioner. On December 26, 1980, he was found dead in his cell from the toxic ingestion of an enormous quantity of anti-psychotic drugs. His death was ruled a suicide. He allegedly had hoarded his daily medicine until he accumulated a lethal dose. His daily medication packet for that day, however, was found untouched.

Not long before his premature death, Chase spent four months incarcerated at—where else?—Vacaville.